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# Help Me Find A Way Out!



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**Chapter 1 by Wilman Fathurochman**

I woke up.

'Where am I? Is this a girl's room? Ugh..must've been wasted again last night. Well, good thing I'm not naked so I guess nothing happened.'

'Ouch, my head! Can't remember what I drank last night. A cup of coffee anytime now would be nice.'

I opened the door, looking for a way out of the apartment. Found it.

'God, what day is it? Sure as hell hope it's Saturday or Sunday. This isn't going to get better if I skip work. Oh, there's a coffee shop! Shit, my feet feel so heavy.'

I entered the coffee shop.

"A cup of cappuccino, please." Said I. The guy behind the counter was petrified for a few seconds.

'Dude, is that the way you're supposed to look at your customer? Gimme a break!'

"Excuse me, do we know each other?" I asked.

"Umm...No, Sir. Sorry. I'll have your coffee served."

1 comment · 1 week ago · by [Wilman Fathurochman](#)

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Now I just have to take a shower and get dressed. I'm gonna go to the gym and spend a night in front of the TV.

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I sat down.

'Gee, what's wrong with these people? Why are they staring at me? Okay, ma'am your son will be fine, I'm not a pedophile. You don't have to shield him from me like that. Oh great, now everyone's leaving. Yeah, leave me alone. Coffee shops are better off quiet anyway!'

Then I heard police siren wailing from the distance. Getting closer, and closer, until its car popped in front of the shop. A powerful voice came from a megaphone directed straight to the coffee shop I was sitting in.

"This place is surrounded! Come out here now and put your hands in the air, or we will use force!"

Some officers broke in, yelling "Everybody get down, now! Stay where you are!"

'Okay officer, chill, I'm going down, with my coffee here--Heey, he kicked my coffee!"

"Hands where I can see 'em bitch!! Hands where I can see 'em!" Said the officer who kicked my hand, while pointing his gun at my head.

'What the? Why am I the only one getting handcuffed? NO! What's happening!?"

"Officer what the fk? I demand my rights!" I yelled but didn't sound much with my chest pressed down against the floor.

"You have the rights to remain silent now shut the hell up!"

'Am I going to jail? For what? Getting wasted? No, what's that on TV? Why is my face on TV!?'

Retrograde amnesia. The girl hit my head with some kind of baseball bat, I think. I forgot everything in the past month. But every time I wake up each day, I'm starting to remember fragments of it. Until I remembered that I'm the serial killer the police have been looking for.

'Oh my god this is fun, hahaha!'

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